EVERYBODY'S BODY.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "The Occupations of a Retired Life," "John Winter: a Story of Harvests," "By Still Waters," "Not by Bread Alone," etc.

"'Cheap, showy trash,' Minnie heard them say." *p.* 179.

CHAPTER IX.

"HELEN'S ACRES."

MR. PYPER found Mr. and Mrs. Compton already seated at the supper table, which was spread, as all their meals were, in the kitchen. It was a spotless little room, sparkling with bright metal and enlivened by gay household china, though there was not too much of either. Pails and brooms and mops were put in the outer kitchen, upon which the door was shut, and through the window, shelved and bracketed for creeping jennies and musk, there was a pretty peep of the trim, bright garden.

Tony and Tiny were already fast asleep in their little red bed in the upstairs room above the outer kitchen. It opened on the parents' bedroom, which was over the kitchen itself. The room over the parlour was Mr. Pyper's own sanctum, his sole retreat from all the world, for he shared the use of the parlour with his hosts.

He went up there this evening before he took his seat at table. He did not go into his room, but paused on the threshold, looking round.

How cool and neat and orderly it looked, with its stained floor and Indian matting, its bookshelves reaching from floor to ceiling, its turn-up bedstead and pedestal washstand, and its little toilet-table, which seemed more like a shrine—the old-fashioned mirror surrounded by faded miniatures and dainty silhouettes. It was very dear to Mr. Pyper—the place where he sat and "remembered"—lived himself back into old days and ways, and amid faces and voices which nobody near him now had ever heard—the place where he "communed with God," and caught fair visions, before which he bowed his head, of the Coming Kingdom of the Triumphant Lord.

Yet whatever might be in the old gentleman's mind as he gazed on his peaceful retreat, and whatever might lurk in the one light sigh he breathed, the words that he murmured to himself were only these—

"If only it will not put Mr. and Mrs. Compton to too much inconvenience! But I must ask them! They are such good people—they would not like me to withhold this opportunity for service as it has suggested itself to me."

Then he went downstairs. Mrs. Compton, aware that he had been with the Harrisons, made kindly inquiries after her neighbours' well-being, but would have pressed no further questions. Knowing exactly what he did, Mr. Pyper believed that the time for secrecy was past.

"The Harrisons have been in terrible trouble," he said, "but the worst is over now," and he told the tale.

"Poor little thing," observed Mrs. Compton, thinking of the girl-wife. "How much she might have been spared had she had a good adviser!"

"So she will always think," said Mr. Compton; "but perhaps the advice would have met but a cool reception had it gone before the discipline."

"Yet it is a great thing when discipline works," observed Mr. Pyper. "You know the wise saying is that though a fool be brayed in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him. And you seethe Harrisons have not failed to pay for their experience. It has not come to them as a gratuity."

"I wonder where they will go," mused Mrs. Compton.

"It won't be easy for them to live on a pound a week," said Mr. Compton. The husband and wife looked at each other. A pound a week was the sum which Mrs. Compton expended for the family food. True, the family numbered five people—and the Harrisons were only two—for the present.

"Poor things! they will have to save on less than we have managed to spend—just that we might save the rest," observed Mrs. Compton.

"The little wife will have to do something to help," said Mr. Compton.

"Most woman's work, taken out of a household, costs more than it brings in," said his spouse.

"You have managed to help," said her husband significantly. Mrs. Compton's calm face flushed sweetly. Her husband's commendation was precious to her.

"It was made easy for me," she answered.

"When we are settled in our British Columbian farm I mean to call it Helen's Acres," he remarked, cheerily.

The secret of the Compton household slipped out in that sentence. Mr. Compton, the son of a Yorkshire yeoman, and his wife, the granddaughter of a Cumberland "statesman," whose ancestral acres had been wrung from him by misfortune, had started in their married life with the determination to return to the ruralities which they loved, so soon as they could secure these on independent terms, and in conditions which would do justice to the future of their children. So they had laid down their lives on the very simplest lines, and Helen Compton, in her readiness to serve a stranger, had verily entertained an angel unawares in the person of good Mr. Pyper, to whom his hosts' aims and endeavours were no secret. The Comptons had been married more than eight years, and though all that time Mr. Compton had scarcely risen above the two hundred a year with which he had started, they had, thanks to wise frugality and persevering industry, saved about twelve hundred pounds. And they were now on the very eve of turning their dream into reality.

"I've been wondering," stammered Mr. Pyper, blushing like a girl, at what he felt to be the temerity of his suggestion—"I've been wondering whether you would object to give these Harrisons a little bit of a fresh start. If you wouldn't object to my putting up my folding bedstead in the parlour, they might have my bedroom. I am sure Mrs. Compton could make Mrs. Harrison useful in all the needlework she has on hand before going away. That might be taken in lieu of a rent for the room, so that they should keep their independence and yet have a chance of getting a few shillings beforehand with the world. You won't be leaving for another three months, you know. I would take care that you had no trouble about my sleeping in the parlour," he added, eagerly, as his hosts hesitated.

"That is all right," answered Mr. Compton, "we're not thinking of that—we are thinking how you will like to lose your own quiet room, and that, too, when the whole house is sure to be in some turmoil with our packing."

"That's just it!" broke out Mr. Pyper. "That shows what a wretch I am! I own I don't like it! Thank God for showing me to myself. Fancy calling oneself a Christian and yet putting up one's back at doing such a thing as this! Think of hearing the Lord Jesus say to one, 'You wouldn't give up your little comforts for My sake!' And really that's the most many of us can do for Him in these days. So I've found myself out. For I can't help not quite liking it. But I'll do it all the same, and, after it's done, maybe the Master will help me to a better mind!"

Said Mrs. Compton to her husband that night, "I doubt if it would not be easier for the Harrisons to go away out of sight, and live in a cellar in a Whitechapel slum. Yet, oh, I do hope they will be strong enough to accept this opening. I am certain Mr. Pyper has other thoughts beyond it; but he has learned—what I know has been a hard lesson for him!—that one can't be kind to people till one has found out what they really want and whether they are ready for it."

"I hope he won't be disappointed in them," said the husband.

CHAPTER X.

THE HARRISONS' LESSONS.

Mr. Compton's kindly hope was fulfilled. Sydney and Minnie each only secretly feared lest the other should raise some objection to Mr. Pyper's proposal, for neither could sufficiently realise the separate sufferings each had undergone to understand the modification of the old reckless vanity and wilfulness. But when each found the other ready and eager to acquiesce in Mr. Pyper's suggestions, the effect was to make both heartily ashamed of any secret stirrings of doubt or rebellion, and studious to suppress any signs thereof. Sydney would not confide to Minnie that he wondered whether all the population of the Green must know of the humility of his new avocation, and Minnie would not hint to Sydney that her heart sank down into her boots at the thought of encountering the Misses Blythe. She fought out her little struggle within herself, and brought herself to grasp, however feebly, the great truth that it is not wise to allow our lives to be influenced by the sneers of those from whom we need expect no help.

Mr. Pyper carried through the negotiations concerning the furniture. By Monday evening the "furniture people" had his cheque for the sum they were willing to take in final settlement of their claim. And on Tuesday morning Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, of Myrtle Cottage, had their comments to make on a note which the former received from Sydney. Sydney had written that epistle under Mr. Pyper's supervision, which probably accounted for an intangible geniality and cheerfulness about it, which rather puzzled its recipient.

The letter said that Minnie had received her father's missive, and Sydney and Minnie both sent him their dutiful respects, and their compliments to Mrs. Roberts. Then it

went on to thank Mr. Roberts for the assistance he had given, and for the further indulgence he had been willing to extend. But it was hoped that would not be required; and if Mrs. Roberts thought that anything in the Harrisons' house could be of use to her, they hoped she and Mr. Roberts would make such a selection as would repay what the Harrisons owed—better, perhaps, than the actual money would—and certainly Minnie would feel less pain in parting from any of her household treasures which might find their way to her father.

Wednesday morning brought Mr. and Mrs. Roberts upon the scene of the dissolving home. Possibly the interview on its simple business basis was less trying than it might have been under any other circumstances. Mrs. Roberts seemed rather taken aback and awkward, and Minnie fancied that her father was very well pleased that the ground was thus cut away from any animadversions his wife might have been inclined to make on his own "softness" and his daughter's probable intentions of "preying upon him."

Sydney and Minnie both still had so implicit a belief that the sale of their goods would not only repay Mr. Pyper's advance and recoup Mr. Roberts, but also restore at least much of their earlier instalments, that they tried to be quite generous in their settlement with the father. However, as he said, he "drew a line somewhere." So, after consenting to take an occasional table, a book-case, and an easy-chair, which would have cost him from a shop nearly double the amount the young people owed him (though probably they might have had to sell the articles for much less), he "put down his foot firmly" when Minnie began to press upon him a pretty little corner what-not. It was in vain that Mrs. Roberts said it would be just the thing for the best room at Myrtle Cottage. The old commercial traveller stoutly declared "that he was not going to make a profit out of his own flesh and blood—no, not he; but if she fancied it, why he'd get a price put on it and buy it." Whereupon Mrs. Roberts dropped all desire for the dainty trifle, shook her head, and said they had more sense than to go in for luxuries. They weren't like young people, who did not know better.

Sydney and Minnie looked at each other and smiled. They began to see that human nature is a very subtle study. Even among those who eschew luxuries, it seems that there are those who forego them that they may be able to help others to necessaries and comforts, and those who like luxuries but too well if they can get them cheap for themselves, at whatever cost to others.

Most of the Harrisons' furniture was sold off privately. Mr. Pyper brought some acquaintances, elderly well-to-do people, who took some of the best articles, paying the valuer's price without a word of chaffering. When the neighbours on the Green saw what was going on, some of them dropped in, too, and did business fairly enough. Minnie noticed that the "smarter" these people were, the more exacting were they in their bargains. When in the evening she made that observation to Mrs. Compton, Mrs. Compton calmly replied as if that went without saying.

It was a bitter moment for Minnie when the Misses Blythe entered her parlour, unannounced, just as if it had been a shop. The elder sister made as though she had never seen Minnie before, and confined her remarks to the valuer. The younger sister recognised Mrs. Harrison's presence by a sly, sidelong motion of the head, intended at once to express her own pity and her determination not to vex Susannah by any more pronounced demonstration of acquaintance with this poor, little, half-drowned butterfly! And though another neighbour began to talk to Minnie, she could hear what the Misses Blythe were saying. They asked for articles specifically—things they must have noticed during their friendly calls on her, and, worse still, when these were produced to them, they cheapened them, pointed out their weaknesses, discovered defects, shook their heads, and at last went away without buying anything.

"Cheap, showy trash," Minnie heard them say. And the elder sister added, "New only a few months ago, but new things suffer most when they are badly kept."

Minnie went up to her bedroom, her cheeks glowing with anger, while her eyes were full of painful tears. Was she but a foolish little woman, in the midst of her real trials, to let herself be hurt by trivial women like these? But, after all, the aggregate of nervous irritation is produced by gnats, flies, and midges, rather than by elephants, lions, or buffaloes, who do not come in everybody's way! Perhaps it may be the same in things of the spirit. None of us can look dispassionately into our own lives without noting that their bitterness has always been wrought by the feebler hands, by those whom we despise, not by those whom we honour—by those lower than ourselves, not by those higher. It is the good gifts, the help, and the happiness, that come from above, showered upon us from the Father of Lights, by the hands of those who stand nearer Him than we do!

But Minnie was soon called out of her bedroom; somebody else wanted her. It seemed so hard to carry her sore heart about among strangers. Yet somehow in so doing the heart grew less sore. A few genial words from the old doctor who lived at the big house at the corner of the Green threw Miss Blythe's sneers into the background. And when evening came, and she could shut the door upon everybody but Sydney and herself, she did so with a joyful sense of relief, which rested her in a moment as a whole day of lying and crying on her couch could never have done.

It was not until the husband and wife were fairly installed in Mr. Pyper's surrendered chamber that they fully understood all that he had done for them. Their furniture was sold and their debts paid, including that to the good old bachelor himself. They owed him nothing but their gratitude for the prudent management which had safely guided them past this sharp corner, and landed them in a straight and narrow path—penniless indeed, but unencumbered by debt. As the sale of their furniture had gone on, they had gradually surrendered their hopes of receiving again any of the money they had paid out in the instalments of happier days. And as these hopes died, there sprang up a fear that there would not be enough realised even to refund Mr. Pyper's final outlay. They could clearly see that there would not have been, but for his friendly caution, his steady refusal of anything like a forced sale, his patient readiness to wait for a fair price.

"Oh, thank God that he stands clear at last," cried Minnie. "I should never have forgiven myself if we had saved ourselves from heartless creditors just by getting into his debt."

"Yet we owe him what we can never repay," said Sydney, "we owe him our independence; we owe him whatever we may become. And, please God, out of all this misery I have learnt one simple lesson, which if I'd learnt it in time would have spared it all—I've learnt that what I can't afford to pay ready money for I'll go without till I can."

CHAPTER XI.

THE END.

ALL this happened two or three years ago. So there has been plenty of time, in the words of sundry doubters in the neighbourhood, "to see how it would work."

The Comptons duly departed to British Columbia. And who should go with them but Minnie Harrison's "Mary Anne"! Mary Anne, wandering drearily round her old haunts, saw that her former mistress's house stood empty, and with a warm rush of neighbourliness and compunction, made inquiries where she had gone, and then pounced upon Minnie one day when she was going out to do some marketing for Mrs. Compton.

They exchanged their experiences. Mary Anne was still ardent in her desire to go to Canada, though she had wavered in it sufficiently to go into one or two other situations, in which she had been unfortunate.

"I'd have come back to you, mum, if you'd been a-wanting me," she said, ruefully. And that stood for her confession of whatever had been wrong on her side in the past.

"Well, Mary Anne, I hope I'll be a better mistress than I used to be, if ever I have another servant," conceded Minnie. Then she invited the girl to come in with her and get a cup of tea before taking her long journey to her home in the Forest. The end of that acquaintance was that Mary Anne "engaged" with Mrs. Compton, to give her six months' service in lieu of her "passage out" and a necessary outfit, which Minnie helped to make.

Mary Anne started for the new country full of visions of speedy matrimony and "a home of her own;" but once she was out there, she began to look at things in rather a different light, and Mrs. Compton writes to Minnie that Mary Anne is still with her, and they are the only two women on the farmstead, where all the washing and baking are done at home.

The Comptons did not leave Ploughman's Green until they had seen the development of that "scheme" which Mrs. Compton had detected in Mr. Pyper's heart when he proposed to give shelter to the Harrisons in their misfortune.

Mr. Pyper himself became the occupier of the Comptons' house, buying over such of their goods as they did not care to encumber themselves with in their emigration. Once more he returned to his own old bedroom and the pleasant presence of his familiar surroundings. But Sydney and Minnie remained in the house—in his employment, earning house-room and board in return for their housekeeping services. And Mrs. Ruffle is there, too, occupying the little chamber which used to be the children's—and sitting by the kitchen fire through the day—"worth her weight in gold," says Minnie.

(When the Blythes speak of the Harrisons now-a-days they always call them "Mr. Pyper's servants." They have forgotten their name!)

We will end our story with a little episode.

The other day, Mr. Pyper rode home on the 'bus, with Sydney's one-time employer. The gentleman knew the old bachelor by sight and by repute, and knew that his former clerk was now employed in the same establishment with him. He made some kindly inquiries after Sydney. Mr. Pyper had nothing but good to tell; the young man had accepted facts manfully; and if he had once been foolish, Mr. Pyper was quite sure he was perfectly steady now. He told the gentleman exactly what Sydney and Minnie were doing.

"Life has not let them off with a mere caution," he said. "They've had to serve out their sentence. And it has agreed with them in the best sense. The young fellow's twice the man he was—even in face and figure—and the giddy little wife is growing into a fine real-hearted woman."

"Any children?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, one," said the old bachelor, delighted. "A boy—a bonnie bairn—I've never heard him cry—he's always crowing and laughing. They've named him after me—for which I was vexed—for I can't say Jacob John Pyper is a very charming name—but it's shortened into Jack, and that fits him well enough."

"Some evening, if you'll let me, I'll look in, and have a few words with Harrison," said the old employer. "But you needn't tell him I'm coming till I arrive."

"Shall be delighted to see you, sir," answered Mr. Pyper. "So will he be. So will Mrs. Harrison. Won't tell them beforehand, as you don't wish it, sir. But I'm sorry. For though it's ill going to meet sorrow, it's particularly good when joy comes to meet us."

"Well, the world would be a different world if everybody interested himself in his neighbour after your fashion, Mr. Pyper," said the other gentleman, who knew a great deal more about Mr. Pyper than Mr. Pyper distinctly understood about himself! "It seems to me that you just hold yourself at other people's service—that you are everybody's body!" (He had heard a flippant city man apply this very term, with a sort of kindly contempt, to the good old gentleman.)

"Oh, don't say that, sir," said Mr. Pyper, alarmed. "One may have one's wishes and one's endeavours, and sometimes one gains God's blessing; but there's only One who can be everybody's body, sir—and that is just God Himself."

THE END.

ABOUT OUR FOOD.

IN the matter of choosing food, it is necessary to remember one thing above all others—quality is better than quantity. Of course, if you can ensure both, so much the better, but if you have to choose between the two, let quality be preferred.

Cheap is very often nasty. Cheap meat, cheap milk, cheap bread may be very attractive when the purse is but poorly lined, but I doubt whether, in the long run, the good housewife will not find it better to get a smaller quantity of a better quality.

For those whose means are limited, there is need for double care in the matter of choosing food. Remember that milk is one of the most important items. A dog would grow fat if fed only on milk, but he would starve if kept only on the strongest beef tea. Half-a-pint of milk costs one penny, and contains as much nourishment as a quarter of a pound of meat, which costs at least double, if not more.

In laying out your money for the day, be careful then that a good proportion goes to the milkman.

Be particular about the bread you eat. If possible, make

Bread and Milk!

it yourself, it is cheaper and goes farther; besides, as a woman said to me once, "I like to know what I am eating." Good bread is most necessary, for there is more nourishment in it than in anything else, especially if it is brown. How many people who are really very careful, and have to look at every penny before they spend it, systematically eat new bread! It is extravagant, and it is unwholesome. Keep your bread-pan sweet and clean, and don't forget to keep the lid tightly down. No bread should be eaten, especially by children and people of weak digestion, till twelve hours after it has been made.

Butter is a very valuable article of diet, but of this, as of milk and bread, it is better to have a small quantity good than a large amount of rubbish. Pure butter is nourishing, fattening, and wholesome, and acts also as a gentle aperient. Good dripping, clarified in the oven, is also a valuable addition to the daily meals.

Meat is by no means a necessity, though it is a pleasant change once or twice a week. As a nation we do, I believe, eat more meat than we need; and if we gave our children less it would be much better for them. Vegetables, well cleaned and properly cooked, with plenty of milk and good bread, are really all that is absolutely necessary for any of us.

A basin of bread and milk can be enjoyed and digested by most people. Toasting the bread, and using brown instead of white, makes a little variety, and I have known people who would not touch white bread and milk enjoy whole-meal bread prepared in the same way.

There is a story told of an Englishman who asked a Scotchman why it was that the men in Scotland were so much tougher than Englishmen, and the horses were so much less tough. "Well, it's just this," replied the Scot; "we give our men what you give your horses."

Oatmeal is, indeed, one of the best things for making muscle and giving strength. Groats and barley are almost equally good, and should have a permanent place in every housewife's bill of fare. Such preparations are nourishing in themselves, whereas arrowroot, sago, and tapioca only get their value from the milk with which they are prepared.

Fish is a most valuable food, and can often be bought very cheaply if you go to a first-rate fishmonger's late in the evening. It is nourishing and digestible, especially whiting, plaice, and cod, and is a splendid restorative for brain and nerves. That reminds me, too, of what Florence Nightingale says about cheese, which is, according to her, by no means a useless article of diet. Cheese is not usually digestible by the sick, but it is *pure nourishment for repairing waste.*

Think of this, and be contented, the next time you have to give a dinner of bread and cheese all round; only see that it is cheese, and not leather!

Pork and veal, although they make an agreeable change, are neither very nourishing nor very digestible. It may be laid down as a maxim, to be remembered by those who want to get the best worth for their money, that the flesh of all young animals is less digestible than that of the full grown. Lamb is harder to digest than mutton, veal harder than beef. Of course, where money is no object, an occasional change to veal or lamb is pleasant; but where the struggle is to get the greatest amount of good from the smallest amount of money, these little matters should be carefully considered.

Salt draws the juices from the meat; therefore meat which has been salted has less nutritive value than fresh, though it gives a little variety.

Stimulants are not a necessity of daily life. The twopence spent in a glass of ale would do more lasting good in the form of a pint of milk or a couple of eggs. For those who need a stimulus, a basin of hot beef tea or a cup of tea or coffee or hot milk will be found far more helpful than beer or any other alcoholic drink.

Any remarks upon the choice of food would be quite useless unless one followed them up by a few on the subject of preparing it. The very best of meat, vegetables, and pudding may be rendered worthless in the cooking.

If you want to do the best with the materials you have in hand, be first of all exact. A little bit of this, a handful of that, will not do. Everything should be done either by weight or measure. Every careful housewife should keep a stock-pot going. I prefer a nice jar with a lid to it, which you can put in the oven. Throw into it every bone, every scrap of skin and gristle that comes off the dishes. They will stew themselves, and after about twelve or eighteen hours you will have some good stock from what careless people would throw on the dust-heap.

Boiled meat is more nourishing than either roast or baked, provided, of course, it be properly cooked. It has been stated on good authority that every joint which is boiled loses one pound out of every four, whereas in baking it loses one pound three ounces, and in roasting one pound five ounces. Mutton loses more than beef, except in boiling, when it loses two ounces less.

Many cooks put meat into cold water, but Liebig, who ought to know more than most of us, says that the water should be boiling briskly. The joint should then be put in, and the water allowed to boil for just a few minutes, when the pot should be moved on one side to simmer only. All scum should be carefully removed, and that not merely at the first time of its rising, but during the whole cooking.

Broiled meat is wholesome and nice, and more digestible than fried. A handful of salt should be thrown into the fire to clear it first, and the gridiron should be rubbed with a little suet or dripping *when it is hot*, before putting the meat or fish upon it.

Frying does not mean soaking the food with grease, as some cooks seem to think, but boiling it in fat, which must be kept at boiling-point. All food which is fried should be laid on a sieve or some soft paper, and put in front of the fire for a few minutes to dry, before being served.

I suppose everyone sees the necessity of thoroughly cleaning saucepans and gridirons, but I am afraid comparatively few realise that it is equally necessary to clean out the oven. If you would have your baking a success, this should be done at least twice a week, all round, top and bottom, and sides.

One more hint which may not have occurred to you before—don't slam your oven door when you are baking. You send in a blast of cold air, which will cool it far more than if you shut it gently.

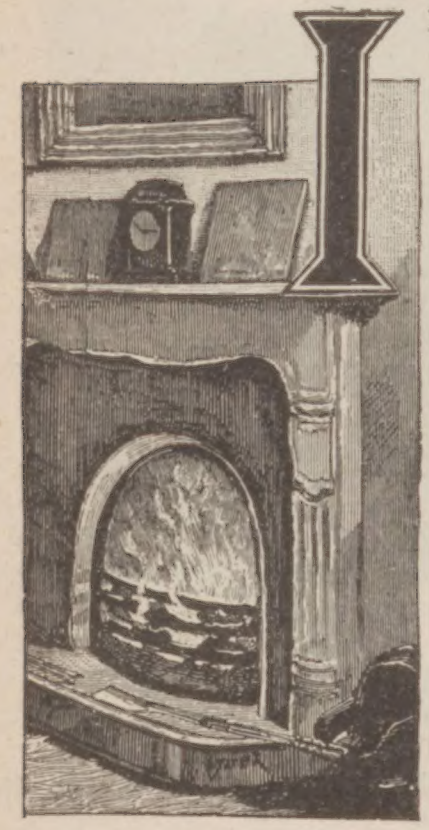
In cooking, as in everything else, do the best you can, and you will in that way make the most of all you have. Do not feast to-day and starve to-morrow, after the manner of some improvident folks. Those are the people who have one smart dress for Sunday and go in rags the rest of the week. Better far have one plain, whole dress, which will do for all days.

Two sayings there are which might well be hung in every kitchen, "Waste not, want not," and "In everything give thanks."

What though your meat be scanty? Be sure there are others worse off than you. What though you are so tired at night you hardly know how to take your weary limbs to bed? There are others who have no bed at all to go to.

Ah, my friends, if we could teach ourselves more often to count the blessings which are in our lives, we should be more ready to exclaim, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gifts." E. M. WATERWORTH.

HOW TO ECONOMISE FUEL.



IN these days of dear coal, and long, severe winters, a few practical hints on the subject of fuel may be of use; for warmth is a necessary of life, and yet heavy on the mind of many a house-mother lies that terrible thing, the "coal-bill." That the sum total of this might be perceptibly lightened by careful economy, without loss of warmth, is a truth which is too often ignored; especially when the fuel is left entirely in the hands of those who have not to meet this heavy expense.

There are two distinct things to be considered by those who would be thrifty, and yet keep good fires. First, which kind of fuel is the most economical, and, in the second place, how such fuel should be used.

Before deciding the first question, it is necessary to consider the purpose for which the fuel is to be used; for an open grate requires good lumps of coal, while a closed register, if well managed, will burn small coal, coke, and cinders, with only sufficient lumps of coal to make a good fire to begin with.

One of the common mistakes of a young house-wife is to order only one kind of fuel, and that the best. "We like good fires," she says, "and nothing but the best coal will give them." Quite true of the open grate in a sitting-room; but entirely mistaken with regard to a closed kitchen range, which will burn many cheaper kinds of fuel with equal advantage.

Coke, when cracked up into small pieces, and laid over a small, strong coal fire, gives the finest possible clear fire for cooking purposes; cinders, well riddled, are almost as good for this purpose; while small coal, mixed with cinders, and "slacked" (*i.e.*, slightly wetted), will keep a kitchen fire in good condition for a long time, when the cooking is over, and it is only necessary to keep a kettle boiling on the range.

Briquettes and similar block fuel should always be at hand, for they are most useful in keeping up a fire during the night in illness, or for placing on the fire during the day, if it should be necessary for the room to be left untenanted for some hours. They burn for many hours without being stirred, keeping up the necessary temperature for an invalid at a slight cost.

Wood logs, too, are useful in their way, though it is doubtful whether they help to economise coal if a mixed fire be made of the two kinds of fuel. Their best use is to make a bright fire during autumn and spring evenings, without any coal; for great heat (which they do not give) is not then needed, although some sort of fire may be necessary.

Varieties, then, of fuel are very advantageous to the housekeeper, and half a ton of coal, 5 cwt. of small coal, and 5 cwt. of coke, *well used*, will not only cost considerably less, but last longer than one ton of the best coal.

One great enemy to the proper use of coal is the ash-pit—a totally unnecessary temptation to waste, in most households, which should be well looked after, if allowed at all. It is so easy to fling away cinders, small lumps of coal, and ashes unsifted; and so troublesome to stand (perhaps in the rain) to sift them, that most ash-pits will be found to contain almost as much good fuel as ashes, greatly to the benefit of the municipality, no doubt, but scarcely a desirable state of things for those who pay the coal bill.

This may be obviated by the use of a covered box cinder-sifter, which should be kept under shelter, and cleared every day.

Those who have a poultry-yard, will find the fine ashes from the box-sifter very useful to lay down as a dry footing for fowls; others, whose garden ground is heavy, may mix it with the soil with advantage; or make paths of it, or use it to plunge their pot-plants in; and if not wanted for any of these uses, it can be stored in a heap and sold for a small sum; for ashes, however fine, have many uses, and are not by any means the valueless thing in a thoroughly sifted state which the mixed rubbish of an ash-pit may be.

It will here probably occur to the mind of the reader that without an ash-pit the danger of fever from foul odours would be increased, for these receptacles usually contain the refuse of fish, poultry, and decaying vegetable matter, such as turnip and potato parings, as well as many other odds and ends. But all these things are, in reality, far better burned at once, than left about in the neighbourhood of dwellings, even for a day; and, moreover, this refuse, properly collected, is the best possible aid to reducing the coal bill.

A pan, with a cover, should be devoted to this use; and everything which would otherwise be placed in the ash-pit can be accumulated here till the dinner is over. As soon, however, as the cooking is finished, and before the fire becomes too low, the contents of this refuse pan should be placed on the kitchen fire, and covered with a mixture of small coal and cinders, slightly wetted from a small rosed watering-pot. The register being closed, this refuse will not give any unpleasant smell (covered as it should be with fuel), and in many cases it will be found sufficient to keep the kitchen fire up until the hour before tea-time, when a little good coal may be used to make up a strong fire.

Where poultry are kept, the green refuse, such as cabbage-leaves, will of course be used as food for the fowls; otherwise it may be burned in this way without difficulty.

All waste is avoided by careful attention to sorting the refuse: bits of crust, bones, and cold vegetables being, of course, reserved for the stock-pot, and the uneatable refuse only burned daily as above.

Far from adding to the dangers of infection, this plan of daily burning all impure articles is the best remedy for foul odours, for fire is a great cleanser, and if the practice became universal, and the ordinary use of ash-pits were discontinued, it is probable that the general health of town-dwellers would improve, and typhoid and other malarious fevers become less common than they are.

I. L. RICHMOND.

THOSE DREADED BOYS.

BY M. S. HAYCRAFT.

JUST think of my predicament! To be candid, I have not much hair remaining nowadays, but what little *is* left was ready to stand on end in consternation as I read the letter of my great-niece Lilias, married to a suburban doctor:—

"DEAR AUNT DOROTHY,—We are in great trouble; John has been unwell more or less ever since he had influenza, and the physician he consulted this morning orders him to the south of France for the winter; he has told him to leave England without delay, and John feels the necessity of the change of air himself. Will you do us the great kindness of receiving our three boys for the Christmas holidays? They are day scholars at present, but can be received as boarders at their school during our absence; the master's family will be away for the holidays, however, so I am perplexed what to do with them then. It seems too bad to ask you to take the boys, but we should be so grateful if you could help us thus. In great haste.—Your loving niece, "LILIAS ELWOOD."

The very notion of boys at Farmside Cottage! What about my shining floorcloth, my spotless stair-rails, my tidy antimacassars, my repose-loving cat, my door-mats, guiltless of mud or mire? I put the letter aside, and gave myself up to reflection, which only increased my nervous fears. Here was I, a spinster aged—well, statistics are unnecessary, but I have reached that age when one appreciates peace and quietude, and when the idea of having one's home torn to pieces by barbarian boys makes one absolutely faint and horrified. And I knew so well what it means to have boys swarming about the place! In my mind's-eye I saw them sliding downstairs, turning on the water-taps, kindling matches on all possible occasions, hanging out of the window in peril of their life, and covering the carpet (that was once my grandmother's, and is still the admiration of the neighbourhood) with jam and crumbs, and marks of muddy boots.

No—I could not, and *would* not endure it! "No boys admitted" should continue to be my watchword, and that of Cherriden, my maid. Of course, I was very sorry for Lilias, and for the enfeebled condition of her husband (an industrious and deserving man, who invariably wipes his boots on the scraper in addition to the mat), but still, the sacrifice was beyond me; I could not face the unknown terrors of an invasion of three boys. Had the Elwoods' children been *girls*, I might have brought myself to take them in; but I was absolutely frightened of boys, and felt I could *not* bring upon myself such terrible experiences.

As I sat at my window, knitting on behalf of the poor East Indians, I noticed the village school-teacher crossing the windy common, and passing close by my house. May Jocelyn is a London girl, and she has no more nerve than a shivering aspen. She gets on well enough with the children, they say, but she is afraid of a cow!—I am *certain* she is; and I know it is an ordeal to her to pass a turkey! Well, as I watched, I saw her shrink suddenly back, and I soon perceived the reason—though I long since disposed of our family farm, I have a poultry yard of my own at the cottage, and I keep geese. Christopher Columbus (so called because of a roving and inquiring disposition) is at heart a friendly goose, but he makes a great show of defending my premises, and his hiss and indignant aspect struck fear to the heart of the nervous girl. She paused, but only for a short time; she clutched her basket more firmly—I knew it held good things for the sick child in Farmside Hollow—and on she went, Columbus retreating rapidly as her steps advanced.

Now, this was a trifling incident, but it set me thinking. Here was a timid girl, resolved to carry through her kindly ministry, made brave at heart by sympathy and compassion! I took the lesson home; I knew what it cost timid May Jocelyn to face my Columbus, and I knew she had no ground for nervousness either. Just as resolutely, to help my kindred, did I then and there decide to face the Elwood boys; and, like wolves on the fold, they arrived fully five days before the first carol was heard in our village. "Like wolves on the fold"—such was my meditation as I awaited them on the threshold of my house; but would you believe it? though they forgot the scraper, they rubbed their boots on the mat, bless them! till they brought the fibre off; they said, "Mother told them auntie couldn't stand mud," and they hung up their caps and overcoats in the hall, and shook the crumbs from their jackets in the fireplace after tea so carefully, and altogether behaved themselves so nicely, that it brought tears of approval to the watchful eyes of Cherriden.

This kind of thing lasted about one day. My heart sank ere long as I found on my carpet distinct traces of marmalade, where Davie had been sitting, and signs of half-melted snow on my mirror-like linoleum. Yes, and there was the impress of fingers on my door paint, and little Joe had traced a "dear lady," as he called her, amid the steam he had breathed on my window pane! But in the kitchen they had volunteered to sing to Cherriden, and, in the intervals of attending to the raisins and peel, they were making the old place ring very sweetly to the strains of "The merry farmer-boy" and "O come, all ye faithful." They sang like cherubs, as Cherriden acknowledged, wiping her spectacles and pretending not to notice the occasional testing of the quality of the materials for the pudding.

"I saw her shrink suddenly back." *p.* 184.

They could do more than *sing*, though. On Christmas morning, when they woke me as "waits" with "The mistletoe bough," Jack presented me with a fretwork portrait frame, Davie with a blue enamelled money-box, and Joe with a knitted kettle-holder, each gift the work of those busy, boyish hands.

When Cherriden shut herself into the store-cupboard, and we were maidless, jamless, and cakeless, on Boxing-day, when to secure a locksmith was a difficult task, the eldest boy John, with masculine intuition as to bolt-problems, did something ingenious with his knife and a screw-driver, and behold, Cherriden stood free, and the way to the cakes stood open. When Wilmot, the "odd man" and general helper, hurt his hand, chopping wood, those boys were down in the village for the doctor, and riding back in his chaise, before my trembling fingers could have put on my out-door things; and if they did not set about splitting the wood, pumping the water, going on errands, fetching the letters, shovelling the snow, and helping us a hundred times more than ever they hindered! It was easy to put a drugget over the carpet, to wash the paint, and sweep up the crumbs; the mending basket swelled visibly, but Cherriden and I felt years younger, and old Tab assumed playful, kittenish ways she had long since forgotten, while those merry feet trod the stairs, and the house was full of song and whistling.

"The Lord bless and keep the lads!" we say softly now; "we rejoice their father is well, and they are back beneath the mother's wing, but we must have our boys down here to make our hearts young again, long before the Christmas carols are heard once more!"

WHAT WAS IN THE MANGER.

THE story of the Saviour's nativity is ever new and inspiring. All are familiar with it. As the Christmas time draws near, fresh to the heart comes the memory of "the star of Bethlehem," the shepherds' watch, the angel visitants. Fain would we follow in the footsteps of those who went to look upon the Babe in the manger. With eyes untouched by Divine anointing, it would be impossible to see the possibilities which were cradled there. The loving mother-heart of Mary must have known something of the glory, something of the sorrow, awaiting the future of the slumbering Babe. She had heard the whisperings of the Spirit, and gave heed to its teaching; had been attentive to the heavenly vision, and pondered in her heart the sayings of the Holy Ghost. She knew that in some mysterious way that Babe was the connecting link between heaven and earth.

Centuries have passed since that time, which seems so near as it is contemplated. Time has revealed many things that were unseen by those who beheld the cherub Form sleeping there. All that is noble, pure, and true; all the world contains to-day of benevolence, love, and sympathy, had its birthplace in the manger. All the blessings mankind have received, were made possible through Jesus.

English people are justly proud of their benevolent institutions. There are hospitals for the sick, homes for the aged and friendless, asylums for the insane, and many others of like nature. They all come from the beneficent spirit of Him who was born in a manger. There were none before His birth. We need only to take in contrast with our own land the condition of other countries before the religion of Jesus has been accepted, to form some estimate of the benefits which have been derived from the coming of Jesus into the world.

We look again to see what the manger holds. We find

something that cheers the heart, that raises drooping spirits, that encourages fainting souls—a precious gift to weary ones. It comes from heaven; it is the love of God. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (St. John iii. 16). In that we find another gift the manger held—"everlasting life." By the clear vision of faith it is not only seen, but entered into and enjoyed. With many the idea of eternal life is associated only with the thought after death. It is a sad mistake. Life everlasting is begun on earth, pulsating through the soul, imparting something of the life of God, something of the spirit of Christ; imbuing the soul with a portion of that self-sacrificing love which could leave the pure happiness of a sinless world, and endure suffering and death for others. "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent" (St. John xvii. 3).

"And they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." God in the manger, God incarnate in the flesh, is no less true, though in a less degree. Every soul born into the kingdom of God is a new incarnation. God in the flesh, the Babe in the manger, made possible the fraternal relations of humanity with the Creator of all things for a Father. No wonder the inhabitants of the heavenly world were so interested that its golden gates were opened for the egress of angelic beings from those realms of light to join the sweet benediction of "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Mothers, as you watch over the precious charges of infant life, holding to your hearts the little ones God has given you, you do not see the Christ-child; but through the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit and your training each one may become a Christ-child, become a part of the kingdom that Jesus has established. Journeys like that of old, with presents for the Saviour King, cannot now be taken; but Jesus will accept the best each redeemed soul has to give—the willing sacrifice of a living service. So will God be glorified on earth, and heaven's anthems made more melodious with the tribute of "Good-will to men."

THE PASSING YEAR.

BY the glimmer of green and golden,
The leap and the sparkle of spray;
By the heart of the rose unfolden
To the breath of the summer day;
By the shout and song of the reapers,
Binding the ripened sheaf;
By the bloom on the fragrant cluster,
By the fall of the loosened leaf,
By the feathery whirl of the winter,
And the deep waves' hollow sound;
By the moan of the wind in the forest
When the night was gathering round;
By the sweet of the honey of lilies,
By the fields all brown and sere,
Through the march of the changing seasons
We've measured the passing year.

By the baby's step on the carpet,
By her earliest broken word,
And her laugh as she ran to meet us—
Merrier never was heard;
By the time when she said "Our Father,"
With two little hands held up,
And the flower-face softly bending,
Like a blossom's brimming cup;
By the day she was parched with fever,
And spent with the stress of pain;
By the hour we gave thanksgiving
That baby was well again;
By the hide and seek of her dimples,
And the start of her April tear;
By the grace of our darling's growing
We've measured the passing year.

By the love that is tried and precious,
And needful as daily bread;
By the fond hands clasped in ours,
As the chequered path we tread;
By the glow of the household faces,
And the hush of the household peace;
By the beautiful wifely presence
That gives to care surcease;
By the looks that are ever tender,
The kiss that is always true;
By the small familiar sayings,
And the work we daily do;
By the board, and loaf, and flagon,
And the coming of kindred dear,
The home's unwritten story,
We've measured the passing year.

By the brave things thought or spoken,
By the true deeds simply done,
By the mean things crushed and conquered,
And the bloodless battles won;
By the days when the load was heavy,
Yet the heart grew strong to bear;
By the days when the heart was craven,
Lacking the strength of prayer;
By the hour that crept slow-footed,
And the hour that flew on wings,
The time when the harp was silent,
The time when we swept the strings;
By the dearth, the dole, and the labour,
The fulness, reward, and cheer;
By the book of the angel's record,
We've measured the passing year.

By the joy of the Christmas carols,
And the solemn shade of the cross;
By the breaking down of Easter
And the gain that follows loss;
By the name of the world's Redeemer,
And the sins we trample down;
By the light that shines above us,
Though the darkling cloud may frown;
By the silent voices calling,
By the dear remembered eyes,
By the heaven which ever beckons
Beyond these earthly skies;
By credos grand and steadfast,
Banishing doubt and fear;
By the Christian's hope and comfort
We've measured the passing year.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

As we intimated some time since, dress sleeves are not now being made so high on the shoulders; indeed, the tendency is to arrange the fulness so as to give width instead of height as formerly. Two materials are often employed for the dress sleeve, or a similar effect is gained by trimming the sleeve with lace, velvet, or embroidery. In some instances a plain over sleeve is adopted, finished off with a short over-sleeve of lace, velvet, silk, or other trimming. The deep, tight cuff so much worn, is now made to reach above the elbow, and a very full, though short, puff finishes the sleeve.

Fig. 42.

The gored skirt seems to be most in favour just now. The back breadths only are gored, while the front is cut straight, and fitted to the waist by dart-pleats. But this style of skirt seems likely to give way to a much fuller one at some distant date. For the present, a little fulness is introduced, and slightly gathered round the hips. Still, it is whispered in some quarters that we shall gradually go back to the wide skirt made of straight-cut breadths, such as our grandmothers wore in their younger days.

Fig. 42. Here we show a baby's pelisse with cape, made in cream-coloured cashmere. Some people exclaim about the extravagance of white pelisses for winter wear, but with care they will last quite as long as coloured ones, and wash a great deal better. Our model took a yard and a quarter of plain cashmere for the pelisse, and the little yoke used for the cape. This quantity cuts a full-sized pelisse of a very useful length. For the cape we used one yard and an eighth of embroidered cashmere flouncing, which was about twelve inches wide, and also half a yard of narrow for the little collar. The cape is not lined—all it requires is to be gathered, and set into the little yoke. Embroidered cashmere is rather expensive, but as no other trimming is necessary, the pelisse will not be at all costly.

Long, winter evenings often furnish an opportunity for getting some plain sewing done, and the prudent mother will take this time of year for replenishing the underlinen, and also the pinafores. We are giving four designs for pinafores, and we can supply patterns for any articles of underlinen—children's, 4½d. each; ladies', 6½d. each.

Fig. 43 shows a pinafore suitable for a child of two to four years of age. It has a shaped front, with a flounce of embroidery at the bottom, and a narrow edging up the side seam and round the neck. The width of diaper will make this pinafore, and a half to three-quarters will be sufficient for the length.

Fig. 44 shows an overall pinafore, which will be found very useful for a girl or boy. The boy's might be made in galatea, and the sleeve set into a little band, instead of left with a frill as shown in our illustration, and a plain band will be used round the waist instead of the gathering or smocking used for the girl's.

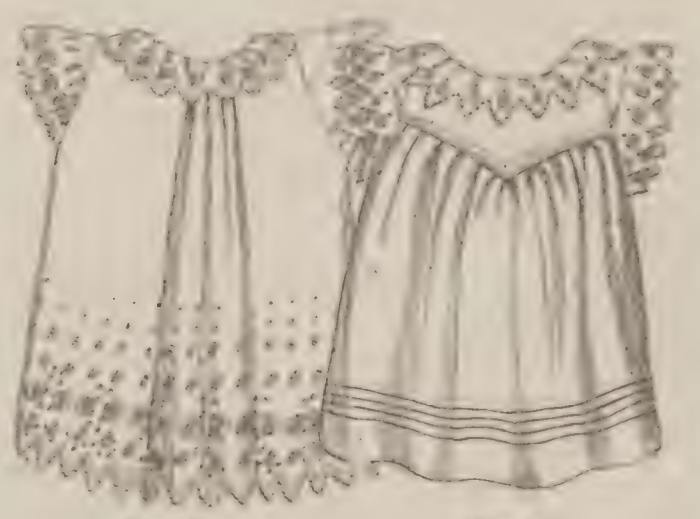


Fig. 45. Fig. 46.

Fig. 43. Fig. 44.

Fig. 45 is a pinafore made of a strip of muslin flouncing. There is very little work in this pinafore, and for best occasions nothing is prettier. It will have to be made rather full, one yard to a yard and a half being sufficient, according to the length. The sleeve and neck are trimmed with edging or lace.

Fig. 46 is made on a little pointed yoke, and the bottom of the pinafore is hemmed and tucked, while the sleeves and neck are finished with a piece of embroidery. Zephyr, or any coloured or white material will do for this pattern, and one yard will be enough for a child of three.

Flat patterns of the pelisse (fig. 42), 6½d. each; or of any of the four pinafores described above (figs. 43, 44, 45, and 46), 4½d. each. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

YEARLY VOLUMES FOR 1892.

The Volume of The Mothers' Companion for 1892, coloured cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Family Friend	1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s 6d.
Children's Friend	1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d.
Infants' Magazine	1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d.
Band of Hope Review	1s. and 2s.
British Workman	1s. and 2s. 6d.
Friendly Visitor	1s. 6d., 2s., and 2s. 6d.

London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

INDEX.

	PAGE
About Boys. F. M. Holmes ...	61
About Girls. F. M. Holmes ...	154
About Our Food. E. M. Waterworth	180
Always Cheerful	95
Because He was a Boy. Florence E. Burch	87
Between School and Marriage. S. Harvey-Jellie	72
Bishop Hannington and the Children	15
Blind and Those who Help Them, The...	33
By Different Paths. Florence E. Burch	152
Chapter on Coffee-Making, A ...	124
Children's Peril, The. Albert E. Hooper	76
Clever Daughter, A. A. Stuart Fletcher	141
Clever Girls. Florence E. Burch...	75
Concerning "Muddlers." Jennie Perrett	171
Cross Mother, The	93
Curiosities of Correspondence Classes. F. M. Holmes	27
Curiosity. L. E. Dobrée	127
Curious Origin of Some Famous Fashions	75
Delicate Health. Mrs. Irwine Whitty	135
Dress and Dressmaking 16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 187	
Everybody's Body. Edward Garrett 97, 113, 129, 145, 161, 177	
Fairy Roses. Jennie Chappell ...	125
Girl who is Ever Welcome, The ...	84
Glance at the Scilly Islands, A. Charles Edwardes	24
God's Work; or, Marjorie's Mistress. Lina Orman-Cooper ...	110
Golden Age of Childhood, The. Isabel Suart Robson	168
Grace Glenister	136
Hint on Shopping, A	62
Home *versus* School Tuition. Isabel Suart Robson	135
How Aunt Ethel Changed Her Vocation. Mrs. Irwine Whitty ...	40
How to Economise Fuel. I. L. Richmond	103
In Duty Bound. Jennie Perrett ...	140
John Turner's Little Maid. Jetty Vogel	12
Key-note of the Day, The	142
Lady in the Dairy, A. ... 122,	134
Looking Back. Ethel F. Heddle ...	172
Lotus Lilies	44
Maiden Aunt, The. Sarah Tytler	150
Marriage. Elizabeth Norton ...	106
Martyrs to Etiquette	77
Miss Charity's New Neighbour. M. S. Haycraft	37
Mother. B. McCall Barbour ...	139
Mother's Room. Lina Orman-Cooper	158
Mothers, Speak Gently	175
Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Reid. Edward Garrett	8
Mr. Thorne's Wedding Dinner ...	156
My Cousin Lilias. Eliza F. Pollard	104
Naming the Baby	143
Niece, The. Sarah Tytler	93
Nurses at Work. F. M. Holmes ...	107
Oriental Chivalry. Edward Garrett	54
Our Girls and their Technical Education. Arthur Montefiore ...	74
Our Mothers	123
Overdoing or Underdoing. Isabel Suart Robson	63
Page for Girls, A	39
Passing Cloud, A. L. E. Tiddeman	90
Pastime and Penalty. L. E. Tiddeman	110
Poor Cousins. Sarah Tytler ...	167
Presence of Mind	93
Prince of Wales and the Cardinal's Nose, The	143
Prismatic Piece of Advice, A. Betha Farr	174
Reproof	175
Restlessness	4
Rich Cousins. Sarah Tytler ...	70
Self-Consciousness. Jennie Chappell	103
Silent Teachers. Isabel Suart Robson	118
Singular Modes of Salutation ...	6
Squire Carey's Forgiveness ...	58
Story of a Working Girls' Club, The. H. B. Thomson	101
"Succourer of Many, A"	6
Suppliants, The	120
Tennyson's Pictures of the Sea ...	85
"That Tiresome Child!" Isabel Suart Robson	79
Those Dreaded Boys. M. S. Haycraft	184
Thrifty Cookery. Gina Jones ... 46,	59
Through Life's Shadows. Eliza F. Pollard 1, 17, 33, 49, 65,	81
Unexpected Blessing, An. Jennie Perrett	76
Unmarried Sister-in-Law, The. Sarah Tytler	22
Unsought Recompense, An. Jennie Chappell	166
Uses of Charcoal	111
Wanted—Plain Speech	86
What all Boys should Know ...	15
What was in the Manger	185
Where the Brook and River Meet...	39
White Cotton Embroidery. Josepha Crane	28
Winter in Norway. Charles Edwardes	168
Work for Women to Do. Augusta Hancock	53

POETRY.

	PAGE
Across the Wheat. Margaret E. Sangster	124
Fast Asleep. M. S. Haycraft ...	118
"Good—Like You." Mrs. George Archibald	95
Life-Work. Augusta Hancock ...	31
Look Ahead	92
Mother's Prayer, The. William Cullen Bryant	111
My Little Ada. S. W. Partridge ...	93
New Year Message, A. M. S. Haycraft	5
Oriole, The. Shirley Wynne ...	149
Passing Year, The. Margaret E. Sangster	186
Things in the Bottom Drawer, The	47

Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.'S

Illustrated Yearly Volumes for 1892.

"Each and all of these popular periodicals is bright with pictures and full of excellent reading, suitable to the various classes and ages for which they are intended."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

"We wish ever-growing success to these faultless periodicals."—*Sword and Trowel.*

"All with bright pictures and good stories pointing excellent morals."—*Daily Telegraph.*

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Children's Friend.

Charming Stories, Interesting Articles, Indoor Recreations, Beautiful Pictures, Puzzles, Music, etc., etc.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Infants' Magazine.

Full of Bright Pictures and Pleasant Reading to delight the little ones; printed in Large Type; also Baby Music, etc.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Friendly Visitor.

Stories, Poems, and Brief Articles, all pointed with Gospel Teaching; printed in Large Type and Finely Illustrated.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The British Workman.

Permanently enlarged to Eight Pages.

An Illustrated Paper, containing POPULAR ARTICLES and STORIES, inculcating Religion, Temperance, Thrift, and the general well-being of the Working Classes.

The YEARLY VOLUME, 96 pages, over 60 illustrations, coloured paper boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Mothers' Companion.

Containing, in addition to SERIAL STORIES and ARTICLES OF GENERAL INTEREST by Popular Writers, PAPERS upon all matters relating to Home Management. Well Illustrated.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Family Friend.

A Beautifully Illustrated Magazine for the Home Circle, with Bright Stories and Poems, and Helpful Articles for Mothers and Housewives, Music, etc.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

HALFPENNY MONTHLY.

The Band of Hope Review.

The Leading Temperance Journal for Youth, with striking Illustrations by the foremost Artists of the day.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

HALFPENNY MONTHLY.

The Band of Mercy.

An Illustrated Monthly Paper to teach the Young Kindness to Animals.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

S. W. Partridge & Co.'s List of New Books.

THE GRAND CHACO: A Boy's Adventures in an Unknown Land. By G. MANVILLE FENN, Author of "The Crystal Hunters," "Nolens Volens," "Dick o' the Fens," etc., etc. Crown 8vo. Fully Illustrated. Cloth extra, gilt edges, 5s.

AILSA'S REAPING; or, Grape-Vines and Thorns. By JENNIE CHAPPELL, Author of "Wild Bryonie; or, Bonds of Steel and Bands of Love," "For Honour's Sake," "Her Saddest Blessing," etc., etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth extra, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

SIX STORIES BY PANSY. THIRD SERIES. Containing "The Man of the House," "Julia Ried," "A New Graft," "Interrupted," "The Pocket Measure," and "Little Fishers and their Nets." Imperial 8vo, 390 pages. Fully Illustrated and well bound in cloth, with attractive coloured design on cover, 3s. 6d.

Also First and Second Series uniform in style and price.

THE YOUNG MOOSE HUNTERS: A Backwoods-Boy's Story. By C. A. STEPHENS. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth extra (uniform with "The Red Mountain of Alaska"), 2s. 6d.

OLIVE CHAUNCEY'S TRUST. By Mrs. E. R. PITMAN, Author of "Vestina's Martyrdom," "Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands," etc. Crown 8vo, Cloth extra. Illustrated. 2s. 6d.

THE LION CITY OF AFRICA: A Story of Adventure. By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN, Author of "The Red Mountain of Alaska," "Pine Cones," etc., etc. Twenty-four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

ON THE OCEAN WAVE; or, The Sea, Its Perils, Wonders, Ships, and Men. By F. M. HOLMES, Author of "Tom Yardley's Year," etc. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

NELLA; or, Not My Own. By JESSIE GOLDSMITH COOPER. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. Cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

MARTIN REDFERN'S OATH. By ETHEL F. HEDDLE. Crown 8vo. Fully Illustrated Cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

TAMSIN ROSEWARNE AND HER BURDENS: A Tale of Cornish Life. By NELLIE CORNWALL, Author of "Hallvard Halvorsen," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

NATURE'S MIGHTY WONDERS. New Series. Handsomely bound in Cloth boards and beautifully Illustrated. Author's Edition. 1s. 6d.

THE SAFE COMPASS, AND HOW IT POINTS. New Series. Handsomely bound in Cloth boards and beautifully Illustrated. Author's Edition. 1s. 6d.

UNA BRUCE'S TROUBLES. By ALICE PRICE, Author of "Hamilton of King's," etc. Illustrated by Harold Copping. Crown 8vo, Cloth extra, 1s.

PHIL'S FROLIC. By F. SCARLETT POTTER, Author of "Faith's Father," etc. Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I. Crown 8vo, Cloth extra, 1s.

OUR DEN. By E. M. WATERWORTH, Author of "Master Lionel, that Tiresome Child." Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth extra, 1s.

GRANNIE'S TREASURES, AND HOW THEY HELPED HER. By L. E. TIDDEMAN. Crown 8vo. Fully Illustrated. Cloth extra, 1s.

RECITATIONS AND CONCERTED PIECES. In Verse. For Bands of Hope, Sunday Schools, etc. Compiled by JAMES WESTON, Author of "Bible Pictures and Stories," "Sunny Hours, a Picture Story Book for the Young," etc., etc. Crown 8vo, Cloth extra, 1s.

THOROUGHNESS: Talks to Young Men. By THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D., Author of "Brave and True," "Sure to Succeed," etc., etc. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 1s.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.'S POPULAR BIOGRAPHIES.

Crown 8vo. 160 pages. Beautifully Illustrated with full-page and other Engravings. Handsomely bound, Cloth extra, 1s. 6d. each.

FOUR HEROES OF INDIA: Clive, Warren Hastings, Havelock, Lawrence. By F. M. HOLMES, Author of "Andrew Garth's Apprentices," etc., etc.

MADAGASCAR: Its Missionaries and Martyrs. By WILLIAM J. TOWNSEND, Author of "Robert Morrison," etc., etc.

Other Volumes uniform in style and price with the above.

C. H. Spurgeon. By Jesse Page.
David Brainerd. By Jesse Page.
Michael Faraday. By Walter Jerrold.
Florence Nightingale. By Eliza F. Pollard.
The Slave and His Champions. By C. D. Michael.
Henry M. Stanley. By Arthur Montefiore, F.G.S., F.R.G.S.
Two Noble Lives. By David J. Deane.
"One and All." An Autobiography of Richard Tangye.
David Livingstone. By Arthur Montefiore, F.G.S., F.R.G.S.
James Calvert. By R. Vernon.
Henry Martyn. By Jesse Page.
John Williams. By Rev. James J. Ellis.
Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands. By Mrs. E. R. Pitman.
Samuel Crowther. By Jesse Page.
Thomas J. Comber. By Rev. J. B. Myers.
William Carey. By Rev. J. B. Myers.
Robert Moffat. By David J. Deane.
James Chalmers. By William Robson.
Robert Morrison. By Wm. J. Townsend.
Bishop Patteson. By Jesse Page.
Griffith John. By William Robson.

One Hundred and Ninety-five Thousand of these popular Volumes have already been sold.

"We commend them most heartily. Nicely illustrated, tastefully bound, and well written."—*Sword and Trowel.*

COLOURED TOY BOOKS.

Beautifully printed in Seven colours in the best style of Lithography. Size 12½ by 10¼ inches. **1s.** each.

OUR PLAYTIME. A Series of full-page and Coloured Vignettes, illustrating Children at Play, with descriptive letterpress. Beautiful Coloured Cover, Varnished.

OUR LIFEBOATS: Pictures of Peril and Rescue. A Series of full-page and Vignetted Pictures of Lifeboats, Rocket Apparatus, Saving Life at Sea, and Heroic Exploits, with descriptive letterpress.

Welcome in every Nursery, and by Children of all ages.

SHILLING PICTURE BOOKS.

Foolscap 4to. With Coloured covers, and full of Illustrations, **1s.**; cloth extra, **1s. 6d.**

SUNBEAM'S PICTURES AND STORIES: A Picture Story Book for Boys and Girls. By D. J. D., Author of "Sunny Faces," etc., etc. Four full-page coloured and numerous other Illustrations.

LITTLE ROSEBUD'S PICTURE BOOK: A Picture Story Book for Little Folks. By J. D., Author of "Bright Rays for Cloudy Days," etc. Four full-page coloured and many other Illustrations.

Six other Books in this Series, uniform in style and price.

NEW SERIES OF NINEPENNY BOOKS.

Small Crown 8vo. Cloth extra. Illustrated. **New Volumes.**

JEAN JACQUES: A Story of the Franco-Prussian War. By J. M. READ.
DAWSON'S MADGE; or, The Poacher's Daughter. By T. M. BROWNE.

Fifteen other Volumes in this Series, uniform in style and price.

The "RED DAVE" Series of SIXPENNY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo. 64 pages. Prettily bound in Cloth boards. **New Volumes.**

NOEL'S LESSON. By META.
ONE CHRISTMAS; or, How it came round. By JENNIE CHAPPELL.

And Thirty-five other Volumes in this Series, uniform in style and price.

THE PRETTY GIFT-BOOK SERIES.

With Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations on every page. Paper boards, Covers printed in Five colours and varnished. **3d.** each. Cloth boards, **4d.** each.

My Pretty Picture Book.
Birdie's Picture Book.
Baby's Delight.
Mamma's Pretty Stories.
Tiny Tot's Treasures.
Papa's Present.
Pretty Bible Stories.
Baby's Bible Picture Book.
Ethel's Keepsake.
Out of School.
Pictures for Laughing Eyes.
Cheerful and Happy.

London: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

S. W. Partridge & Co.'s Penny Illustrated Almanacs for 1893

ARE NOW READY.

With costly Engravings and Letterpress. ONE PENNY each.

BRITISH WORKMAN ALMANAC.

This Sheet Almanac, with large Engravings, is intended for the walls of Workshops, Cottages, etc. It is specially commended to the notice of working men and their wives.

BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC.

This beautifully Illustrated Sheet Almanac is designed for the walls of Day and Sunday-schools, and for use by the Conductors of Bands of Hope.

ANIMAL'S FRIEND ALMANAC.

This popular Sheet Almanac has been found very useful for the walls of Stables, Coach-houses, Farmsteads, etc. It has prevented cruelty, and promoted kindness to animals.

BAND OF MERCY ALMANAC.

This Sheet Almanac is one of the organs of the Band of Mercy Societies for promoting amongst the young the practice of kindness to animals, and is intended for the walls of Schools, Nurseries, etc. Those friends who are interested in this good cause will aid it by presenting copies of this Almanac to Schoolmasters, Schoolmistresses, etc.

THE GOLDEN GRAIN ALMANAC AND CHRISTIAN'S TEXT-BOOK.

Containing a Text of Scripture for Each Day in the Year, arranged under a distinct subject for each Month; Original Hymns, choice Extracts, etc.

ONE-THING-NEEDFUL ALMANAC.

A large-type Gospel Almanac, with much useful information.

THE HOME LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo. 320 pages. Handsome Cloth Cover. Illustrated. **2s.** each.

One Hundred and Eight Thousand of these Volumes have already been disposed of.

NEW ISSUES.

A WAY IN THE WILDERNESS. By MAGGIE SWAN.

HER SADDEST BLESSING. By JENNIE CHAPPELL.

AVICE: A STORY OF IMPERIAL ROME. By ELIZA F. POLLARD.

Other Volumes uniform in style and price with the above.

The Man of the House.
Julia Ried.
Three People.
Four Girls at Chautauqua.
An Endless Chain.
The Chautauqua Girls at Home.
Wise and Otherwise.
The King's Daughter.
Ruth Erskine's Crosses.
Ester Ried.
Ester Ried Yet Speaking.
} By PANSY.

Florence Stanley; or, Forgiving because Much Forgiven.
Edith Oswald; or, Living for Others (224 pages).
} By JANE M. KIPPEN.

Mark Desborough's Vow.
The Better Part.
The Strait Gate.
} By ANNIE S. SWAN.

A Bunch of Cherries. By J. W. KIRTON.

The Household Angel. By MADELINE LESLIE.

Without a Thought; or, Dora's Discipline. By JENNIE CHAPPELL.

PARTRIDGE'S CHEAP "PANSY" SERIES.

Imperial 8vo. 64 pages. Many Illustrations. Cover printed in Five colours. **4d.** each.

INTERRUPTED. THE POCKET MEASURE. LITTLE FISHERS AND THEIR NETS.

Other Books in this Series as follows:—

The Man of the House.
Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On.
Links in Rebecca's Life.
Chrissy's Endeavour.
Three People.

Julia Ried.
Four Girls at Chautauqua.
An Endless Chain.
The King's Daughter.
The Chautauqua Girls at Home.

A New Graft on the Family Tree.
Wise and Otherwise.
Ester Ried.
Ester Ried Yet Speaking.
Ruth Erskine's Crosses.

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

HAZELL, WATSON & VINEY, LD. PRINTERS, 5 & 6 KIRBY ST., HATTON GARDEN.

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.'S

Illustrated Monthly Magazines.

FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"These periodicals make a noble pile of pure and beneficial reading."—*Daily Chronicle.*

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Children's Friend.

The favourite Magazine for Children, with Splendid Pictures and delightful Stories.
The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Infants' Magazine.

Full of Bright Pictures and Pleasant Reading, printed in large type.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE HALFPENNY MONTHLY.

The Band of Hope Review.

The Leading Temperance Journal for Youth, with striking Illustrations by the foremost Artists of the day.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured paper cover, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Mothers' Companion.

Containing Serial Stories, and papers upon all matters relating to Home Management. Well Illustrated.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The British Workman.

An Illustrated Paper containing Popular Articles and Stories inculcating Religion, Temperance, Thrift, and the general well-being of the Working Classes.

The YEARLY VOLUME, 96 pages, over sixty illustrations, coloured paper boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Family Friend.

A beautifully Illustrated Magazine for the Home Circle.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured cover, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

The Friendly Visitor.

Gospel Stories and Poems, printed in Large Type, and Finely Illustrated.

The YEARLY VOLUME, coloured cover, 1s. 6d. cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

London: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.